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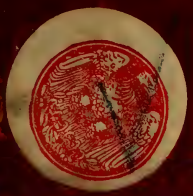

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Golden-Rod

and Some Other Verses

By
Caroline W. D. Rich

GOLDEN-ROD

AND SOME
OTHER VERSES

.BY.

CAROLINE W. D. RICH

Buffalo:
The Peter Paul Book Company
. 1895 .

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1895

GOLDEN-ROD

O golden-rod, golden-rod, nestling in green,
A joy to all eyes is thy beautiful sheen!
O, who could the sunshine's bright treasures
unfold,
And leave on thy petals such luminous gold!

I bow down my head with my ear to the sod,
And listen for answer, O fair golden-rod!
A whisper—so gentle it may be the whir
Of a butterfly's wing, or thy rootlets faint stir—

In musical cadences softly replies;
"An angel came down with his wonderful dyes,
And painted, and painted until as you see
Our faces are golden as golden can be."

WHO KNOWS

Who knows how soon a rose will fade—
  How soon a birdling first will fly?
  Who knows how soon the dew will dry
Upon the grasses in the glade,
  Where flickering shadows fitful lie?
Who knows where thistle-down will lodge
When once by zephyrs lightly tossed;
Or, how a word breathed on the air,
  Across the lake returns again
  From echoing hills—a sweet refrain?
Amid life's wear, so much is lost,
Will love and truth abide? Who knows!

LIFE'S LESSON

"For we are all like swimmers in a sea,
Poised on the top of a large wave of fate,
Which seems uncertain to which side to fall."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

What is life's destiny? What is its rest?
Search the unsearchable; yet in thy quest
Secrets may meet thee too holy to touch.
The soul findeth peace by not seeking too much.
There 's more to our living than time's ceaseless flight,
Of sunrise and noonday, evening and night,
Over and over, like waves on the shore,
Fretting its adamant. Life holds much more
Than swimming alone on the dead sea of fate,
Uncertain, unknowing, in darkness to wait.
Life's lessons seem tangled, yet patience is best;
Bear gladly life's burdens—God giveth sweet rest.

DE SENECTUTE

As figures in our dreams, how often pass
The scenes of childhood, through the busy brain.
Flitting, like shadows o'er the waving grass;
Each but a moment seen, retreats again.
So, as we older grow, how softly close
The doors of sense, shutting us from the world,
Like withering petals of a perfumed rose,
Which, over ripe, have shrunk and inward curled.

No more the ecstatic joy, nor deep delights;
Taste, hearing, vision, please no more—these gone,
The spirit seeks to catch celestial lights
That from the golden city, drifting on,
Attract the dimming eyes of him who waits
To hear the vesper summons from its gates.

A RHAPSODY

"He bringeth good things."

I listen for the coming,
For the coming of his feet;
In the rosy, dewy dawning
When the crimson tints of morning
Chase the shadows of the night
To their retreat;
Then I listen for the throbbing—
And the sobbing,
Of nature's faint heart beat.

I listen for the coming,
For the coming of his feet;
When the sunlight is a-quiver
On forest, hill and river—
And an undertone of pain
Everywhere—

And I hear the helpless moaning—
And the groaning—
And wailings of the dying in the air.

I listen for the coming,
For the coming of his feet;
While a sweet elusive vision—
Like the olden dreams elysian,
As the vesper tones of peace
Ring soft and low—
Brings me glimses of a morrow
Free from sorrow—
And now the coming of his feet I know.

IDLEHAVEN
. 1895 .

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